MARVEL
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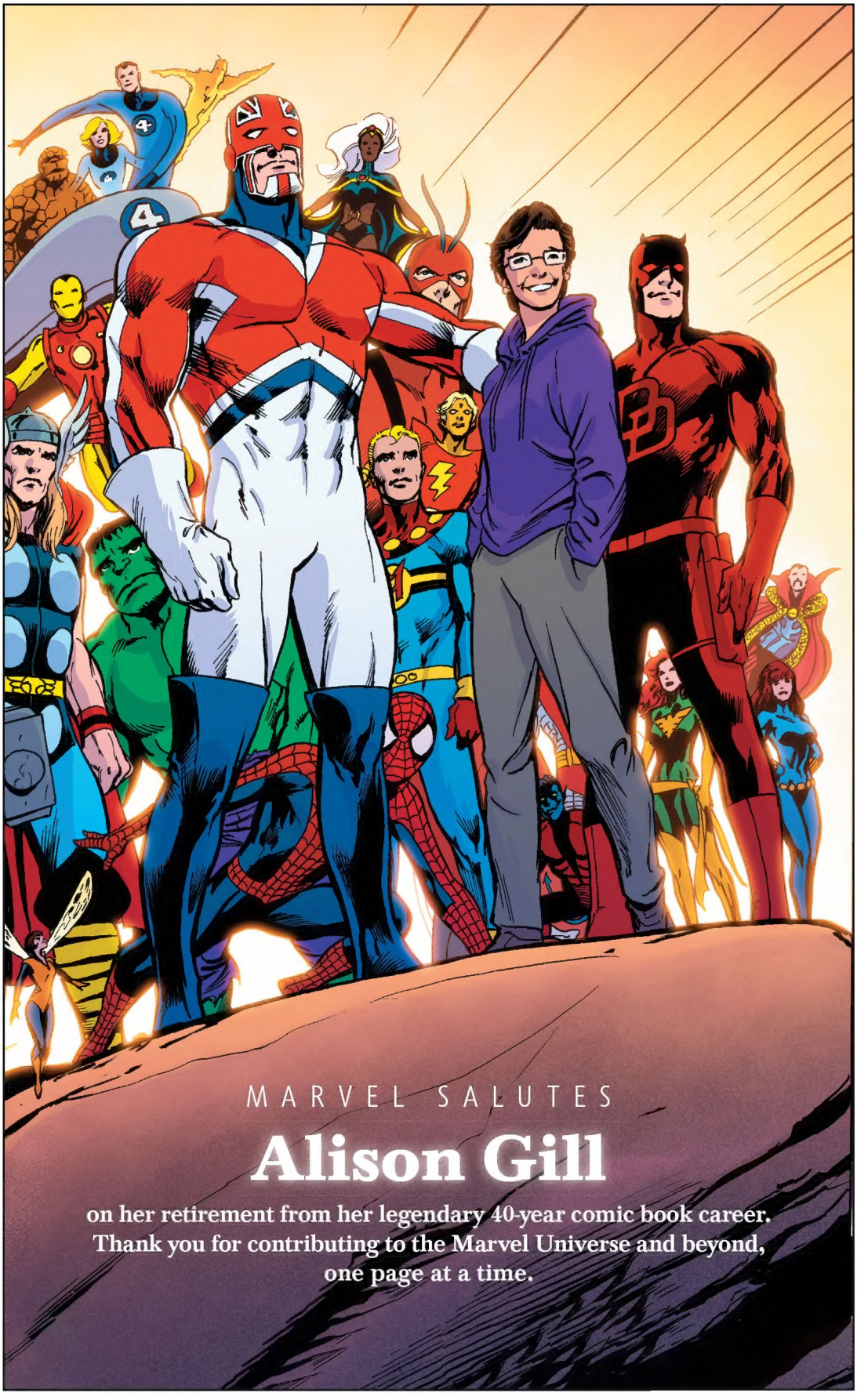
DOCTOR
STRANGE


MARVEL SALUTES
Alison Gill
on her retirement from her legendary 40-year comic book career.
Thank you for contributing to the Marvel Universe and beyond,
one page at a time.

CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK.
DO YOU WANT CHILDREN, CLEA?
FUNNIES
PIZ

STEPHEN.
MY MOTHER TASKED US WITH BABYSITTING MY SISTER FOR *ONE AFTERNOON*, AND YOU'VE ALREADY REACHED THIS POINT?
HA!
NO, IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME. IT'S NOT SOMETHING THAT WE'VE TALKED MUCH ABOUT.
IT'S TRUE.
I...I DON'T THINK SO, NO.
"FAMILY" HAS EVER BEEN NEXT TO A CURSE FOR ME. UMAR, DORMAMMU AND NOW TIBORO...ALL MONSTERS.
WHO IS TO SAY THAT I AM NOT MERELY AN *ABERRATION?*
I COULD NOT BEAR A CHILD. I COULD NOT RISK HAVING THEM TURN OUT THE SAME AS MY MOTHER OR MY UNCLE.
YOU ARE *NOT* AN ABERRATION, CLEA STRANGE.
YOU ARE A *MIRACLE.*
AND AFTER ALL, THERE IS NO INDICATION THAT *DONNA* WILL TURN OUT TO BE A MONSTER, IS THERE?

NOT IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT.
WHY DO YOU THINK I PETITION UMAR TO RELINQUISH DONNA TO US AS FREQUENTLY AS POSSIBLE?
WITH UMAR FOR A MOTHER AND THAT SWINE TIBORO AS A FATHER...WELL.
AND YOU, STEPHEN?
HMM.
I DON'T KNOW, TO BE HONEST.
WHILE IN THEORY, I'M NOT OPPOSED TO CHILDREN...
...I HAVE MY DUTY AS THE SORCERER SUPREME. MY RESPONSIBILITIES.
AND YET YOU SUBJECT ME TO IT.
IT WOULD SEEM MONSTROUSLY UNFAIR TO SUBJECT A CHILD TO MY LIFE.
HA!
YOU ARE A SORCERER SUPREME IN YOUR OWN RIGHT-- THOUGH THE DARK DIMENSION DOES SEEM TO REQUIRE YOUR AID LESS OFTEN THAN MY WORLD DOES.
YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE IN FOR, OH WARLORD OF MANHATTAN.

UH.
LOOK, AS MUCH AS I LOVE BEING PARTY TO THIS SUPER-PERSONAL AND SUPER-AWKWARD CONVERSATION...
...WHEN DID THE BABY ESCAPE?
HOARY--
--HOSTS!
WHERE DID SHE GO?
I DON'T KNOW!
PEOPLE FLOATING--ALREADY HER MAGIC HAS RUN AMOK!
UMAR EXPECTS YOUR SISTER BACK IN AN HOUR.
INDEED.
AND IF SHE FINDS OUT DONNA HAS GONE MISSING...
...SHE WILL BURN THIS CITY AS A MATTER OF HONOR!
BATS! COVER THE GROUND WHILE WE TAKE TO THE SKIES!
AW, OKAY.
AFTER ALL, NOTHING DOGS LIKE MORE THAN BEING LEFT ALONE...

DOCTOR STRANGE

PREVIOUSLY...

Clea Strange recently attended the wedding of two of her husband Stephen's oldest enemies: Tiboro and her mother, Umar the Unrelenting. To seal the alliance, the warlords magically conceived a child, incubating her in a mystic womb.

But the wedding was attacked, and Umar's unborn child was stolen as part of a plan to create magical Super-Soldiers. The child was freed and coaxed into full life by Clea, who named the baby Donna after Stephen's beloved sister. Now Stephen and Clea find themselves in charge of a baby possessing vast, unknown magical potential.

"CIRCUS"

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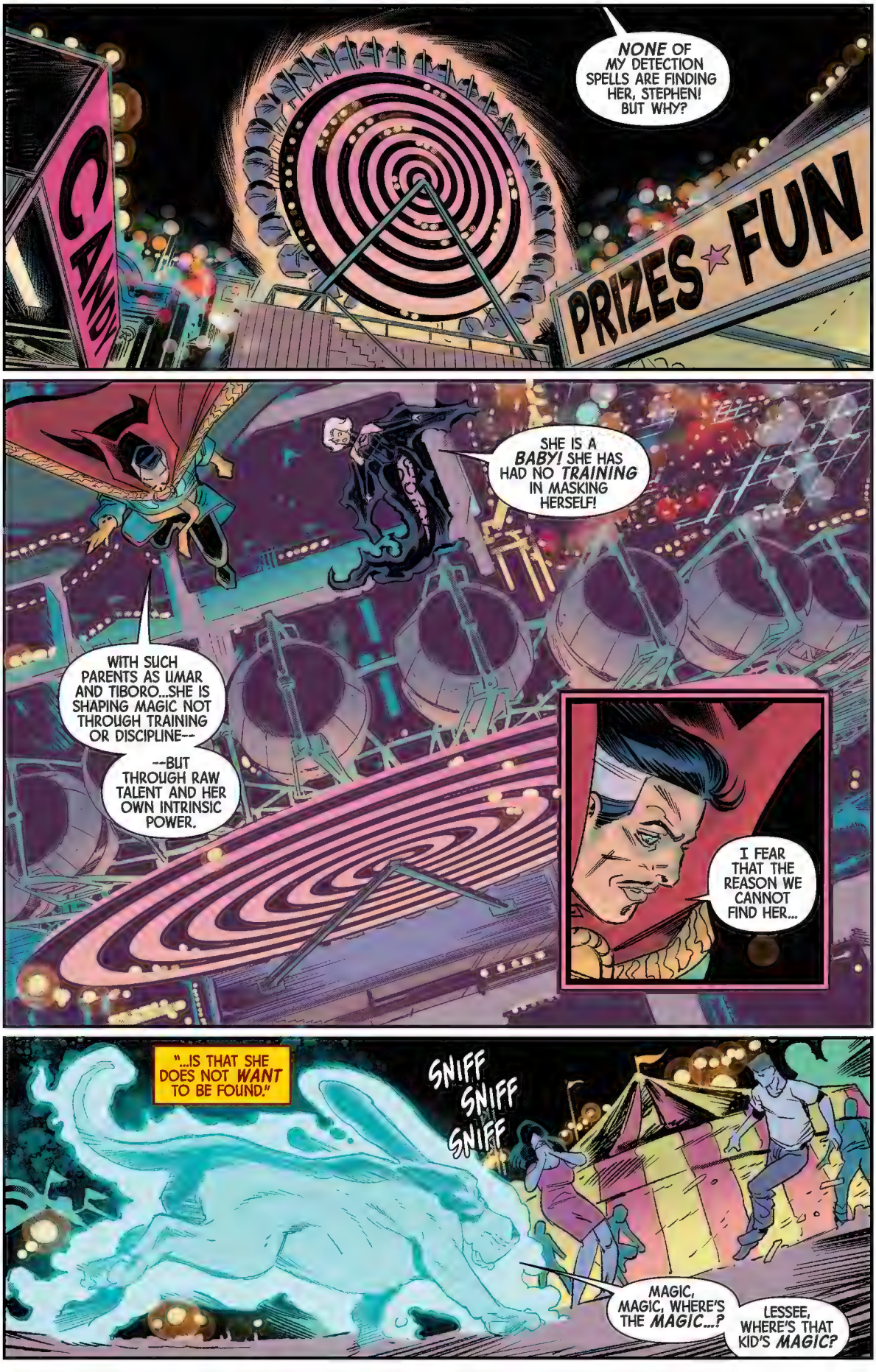
DOCTOR STRANGE CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

NOT FAR AWAY...
TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT!
THE GRAND DEBUT OF THE RINGMISTRESS!
THE GRAND DEBUT OF THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT...
...CIRCUS OF CRIME!
SOUND OFF!
STEFANO STILETTO!
YO.
CHIEF BEEF!
GYM-NASTY!
AT HAND, MADAM.
HEY.

YO, WHY DON'T WE HAVE A CLOWN?
AND ARE YOU SURE YOU SHOULD BE BITING THE RINGMASTER'S STYLE? ISN'T HE YOUR DAD OR SOMETHING?
MY GRANDFATHER WAS A NAZI SUPER VILLAIN, AND MY DAD IS A JOBBER. MY COUSIN PUT ON A FAKE FRENCH ACCENT AND STARTED A CRIME SPA!
SO SCREW THEM, I'LL WEAR THE HAT IF I WANT!
AND COME ON, A CLOWN? A LITTLE OBVIOUS, DON'T YOU THINK?
ACTUALLY, I BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A SURPRISING DEPTH TO THE ARCHETYPE OF THE CLOWN.
MAYHAP WE NEEDN'T ACQUIRE A CIRCUS CLOWN, BUT CONSIDER A VILLAIN IN THE STYLE OF THE COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE--
OH MY GOD--
--AGAIN WITH THE COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE!
NO ONE CARES ABOUT THE COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE!
OH, HERE WE ARE, THE HEADLONG RUSH INTO ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM--
NO!
ONE!
CARES!

AHEM!
AS I WAS SAYING...
...TONIGHT, WE CREATE AN ARMY OF THIEVES...
...WITH THE BIGGEST HYPNO-WHEEL ANYONE HAS EVER SEEN!
HAHAHAHA!
HA HAHAHA HA!
pata pata


NONE OF MY DETECTION SPELLS ARE FINDING HER, STEPHEN! BUT WHY?
CANDY
PRIZES ★ FUN
SHE IS A BABY! SHE HAS HAD NO TRAINING IN MASKING HERSELF!
WITH SUCH PARENTS AS LIMAR AND TIBORO...SHE IS SHAPING MAGIC NOT THROUGH TRAINING OR DISCIPLINE--
--BUT THROUGH RAW TALENT AND HER OWN INTRINSIC POWER.
I FEAR THAT THE REASON WE CANNOT FIND HER...
"...IS THAT SHE DOES NOT WANT TO BE FOUND."
SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF
MAGIC, MAGIC, WHERE'S THE MAGIC...?
LESSEE, WHERE'S THAT KID'S MAGIC?

ONCE I HIT THIS BUTTON, THE ENTIRE CARNIVAL WILL BE OURS TO COMMAND!
WE WILL EMPTY EVERY SAFE IN THIS TOWN!
WE WILL DINE ON THE FINEST MEATS AND CHEESES...
...PAY OFF OUR STUDENT LOANS AND--
WAIT, WHAT?
=giggle=
ba ba ba
GET THAT BABY!

KO KO KO
MY DAD MAY HAVE JOBBED FOR EVERY DAMN HERO IN TOWN...
...BUT EVEN HE NEVER GOT GOT BY A MAGIC BABY!
AGH!
FARFLE
BIP BAP!
ZIM-ZAAA!
A-A-A-A--
TOY-WORLD
HON
ZABU

--AAAAAAH!
WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM?
STEFANO SUFFERS FROM LUDILOPHOBIA-- A FEAR OF TOYS.
SPECIFICALLY STUFFED ANIMALS.
AND HE JOINED UP WITH A CIRCUS-THEMED CREW?
HE IS AN ARDENT BELIEVER IN EXPOSURE THERAPY.
YAAAAAHHH!!!
"HE'S THE BRAVEST MAN I'VE EVER MET."
DOC! DOC!
DOOOOC!!!

BABY! MAGIC BABY!
SURRENDER!
AHEM--YOUR HYPNO-HAT, MADAM?
OF COURSE!
LOOK, MAGIC BABY!
LOOK DEEPLY INTO THE DISC OF THE NULLATRON!
pup
baaa

YAAAAH!

THERE! ANOTHER SURGE OF WILD MAGIC!
GODS. SHE IS BAFFLING HER MAGICAL SIGNATURE-- ECHOING IT AROUND THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS IN ORDER TO CONFUSE US.
THEN I SUPPOSE IT FALLS TO US TO OUTSMART A BABY, DOES IT NOT?
WELL, WHEN YOU PHRASE IT LIKE THAT--
OUR MAGICAL SENSES HAVE FAILED US.
LET US THEN ENGAGE PURELY PHYSICAL ONES.
TENTH TRANSFORMATION OF TARGIOS!
CLEVER.
DONNA IS A CREATURE OF MAGIC, HIDING HERSELF FROM MAGICAL SENSES IS SECOND NATURE TO HER.
BUT NOT FROM THE EYES OF HAWKS!

OH GOD!
SUGAR! CARBS!
THE ENEMIES OF MY SCIENTIFIC SUPERMASS DIET!
OH BROTHER--
DON'T! NO!
DAMN IT, EVERY TIME YOU BREAK YOUR DIET, YOU BECOME UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE!
→SOB←
→WEEP←
EYES ON THE PRIZE!
FORWARD, CIRCUS OF CRIME!
FUN
SHE'S NOT FLYING ANYMORE.
WE CAN GET HER.

DONNA! KID!
YOU OKAY?
tippi tippi
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS EXPECTING, REALLY.
MAGIC BABY.
TALKING GHOST DOG.
I MEAN, I HAVE NO ONE TO BLAME BUT MYSELF. I KNEW WHAT THIS LIFE WAS...BUT STILL.
GRRRRRRRRR!
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH.
I DON'T LET ANYONE MESS WITH MY PEOPLE.
"AND SHE'S MY PEOPLE."

OH?
ARE YOU GOING TO BITE US WITH YOUR GHOST TEETH?
PLEASE.
NOT ONE MORE STEP.
GO ON. TRY ME.
OH.
NO.
UH... YEAH!
STAY BACK!

STAY BACK IF YOU DON'T WANT ANY OF THIS!

SHORTLY. THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.
NO DIFFICULTIES, I TRUST?
ERR... OF COURSE NOT.
NOTHING WE COULD NOT HANDLE.
HM.
SHE SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN TO YOUR CREATURE.
DONNA, PUT THE CREATURE DOWN.
BYE, KID.
IT IS GOOD FOR DONNA TO SPEND TIME HERE IN YOUR WORLD.
OH? BECAUSE YOU WISH HER TO LEARN OF THIS WORLD AND TO COME TO LOVE IT?
OF COURSE NOT, DAUGHTER.
SHE WILL EVENTUALLY CONQUER THIS PATHETIC REALM, AND I MERELY WISH HER TO BE FAMILIAR WITH HER SOON-TO-BE FAWNING SUBJECTS.
NEXT WEEK, DAUGHTER.
PERHAPS YOU CAN TAKE YOUR SISTER TO ONE OF YOUR ANIMAL PRISONS.
ZOOS. THEY ARE CALLED ZOOS, MOTHER.

GODS.
WHAT A DREADFUL WOMAN.
YOU WILL FIND NO ARGUMENT FROM ME.
WELL...
HAS THIS EVENING'S ADVENTURES CHANGED YOUR MIND AT ALL?
ABOUT CHILDREN? OF COURSE NOT. HAS IT YOURS?
GODS NO.
S'FUNNY.
PEOPLE.
I SEEN THEM GO TO THE MAT FOR EACH OTHER TIME AND AGAIN.
THERE'S *NOTHING* ONE OF THEM WOULDN'T DO FOR THE OTHER.
SO I WONDER WHY THEY THINK THEY GOTTA *LIE* TO EACH OTHER?
THE END.
NEXT: BATS TAKES CENTER STAGE!

NEXT:

DOCTOR STRANGE #12

BATS THE GHOST DOG'S ON THE CASE!

Doctor Strange is a busy man--sometimes, it seems like he's the busiest man. But that man has a best friend. So when there's something strange haunting the Sanctum Sanctorum, who can we turn to? Why, BATS THE GHOST DOG, of course! But can Bats solve the mystery on his own, or is this good dog in over his head?

EMAIL US AT MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARK "OKAY TO PRINT"!

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